AGAINST ALL ODDS

Words and Music by
PHIL COLLINS




2
So take a look at me now,
Asus4
A
D
Well there's just an emp-ty space,
And there's noth-ing
D
E7/A
left here to re-mind me Just the mem-o-ry of your face, Well / Now take a look at me now
Bm
G
Em7
A
Well / 'Cos there's just an emp-ty space
And you com-ing back / But to wait
D
E7/A



TO CODA
to me, is a-gainst the odds,
for you is all I can do,
And that's what I've got to face.
Bm7
G
Em7
I
Asus4
A
D.S. al CODA
(no repeat)
wish I could just make-you turn a-round,
Turn around and see me cry.
There's so
mf
f
Bm
C♯m
D
Emsus4
Em
CODA
Take a good look at me now
'Cos I'll still be stand-ing here,
Asus4
D/A
E7/A



And you com-ing back — to me is a-gainst — all odds, — It's the chance I've got — to take —
Bm
G
Em
Asus4
A
Take a look at me now. —
Em7
A
Em7
A
Em7
D
A
G
A